

Frank J. Hale, former prohibition official, now publisher of a magazine in Washington called "Politics" is bitter enemy of Herbert Hoover. His magazine, dealing largely in cloak room gossip has been vitriolic in its attacks against the secretary of commerce. The senate committee investigating prevention expenses of presidential candidates is probing the activities of Mr. Hale. Mabel Walker Willebrandt testified concerning the sudden leap in Mr. Hale's bank account after he went to work for the prohibition forces. She said his deposits were mostly in cash. Miss Willebrandt is assistant attorney general.

The bears have taken hold of markets on the New York stock exchange. Industrial stocks which have been rising steadily for the past year were hammered down mercilessly Monday. Many small investors who had bought on the rising market took losses.

The roads in Canada are not too smooth. But Mrs. Peter Storm, of her farm, near Saskatoon, Sask., heard that her 22-year-old son was in trouble in far-away Toronto. So she mounted a motorcycle and rode all the way to the Ontario City, near her boy out of his mix-up, put him on the back seat of the motorcycle and started back west.

George Campbell Carson years ago invented a new process for smelting copper. The Anaconda company utilized the invention. Carson sued for royalties, received a judgment of \$20,000,000. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals at San Francisco this week handed down a decision enjoining the Anaconda company from smelting more ore by means of the Carson invention and ordering the company to render an accounting of all profits made while the smelting was in use. Attorneys for Carson said this judgment would mean that the judgment of \$20,000,000 could be greatly increased.

At 2:18 a. m. on June 3, Pacific coast time the moon will put on total eclipse for residents of the states bordering on the great ocean.

Interference, bugaboo of radio reception will be given another knockout punch by the Federal Trade commission which has announced that it would mean a hearing station throughout the country will shortly be cancelled.

Enter one more aspirant for presidential honors. He is William Z. Foster, nominated for president by the Workers party (Communists) in convention at New York.

The House passed the Swing-Johnson bill. Senator Johnson put on his fighting clothes, determined to defeat opponents of the bill in the senate. Johnson won the first skirmish when on a resolution for adjournment Tuesday night he defeated 40 to 40 and Vice President Dawes casting the deciding vote against adjournment. All Monday Senator Ashurst of Arizona bitter opponent of the bill talked.

Once more the McNary-Haugen farm roller bill has been killed by presidential veto and lack of sufficient votes in the senate to carry it over the executive disapproval. The farm bill lacked four votes of the two thirds required to carry the bill over the Coolidge veto.

Capt. Emilio Carranza, Mexican aviator, arrived at Mexico City from an air voyage which began at San Diego. He was greeted by high officials, including United States Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow.

Debated for several years, bitterly contested by power companies the Muscle Shoals bill, which would put the government in the business of generating power passed the house and senate.

Back in 1877 John Nicholas Emertek grub-staked the original John Jacob Astor in a fur trading expedition. John Jacob Astor signed paper acknowledging receipt of the stake. Now come heirs of Emertek, producing the paper in court demanding a large slice of the Astor millions, claiming that grub-stake of 150 years ago founded the Astor fortune.

Tansey Tossers Cop First Game in Fast League

Those ball tossers of Ed Tansey moved into fast company last week, when they played their first game in the Los Angeles County League. But it wasn't too fast for the Torrance team. They went over to Hawthorne and beat the team there by a score of 8 to 5. Tansey, speedy shortstop of the Torrance team brought the fans to their feet by some sensational hitting. Johnny Russell slammed out a home run which put Torrance in the lead for the first time.

In addition to Torrance and Hawthorne the following teams are in the league: Beverly Hills, Inglewood, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pacific Coast and Door, Pomona, Los Angeles Moose and Long Beach.

A real plan service. Consolidated Lumber Co.—adv.

TORRANCE WATERCO. SOLD.

Dominguez Land Corp. Disposes of Local System to N. Y. Group

OPERATE IN 7 STATES National Organizations Buys System at Price Higher Than City Was Asked

The Torrance Water, Light and Power Company was sold yesterday to the Associated Public Utilities Corporation of New York. The new owners, who operate water companies in six states, took possession of the Torrance company today.

While the price paid for the Torrance Utility was not made public, it was learned authoritatively that the sum was well into five figures above the price at which the company was offered for sale to the city of Torrance.

The Associated Public Utilities Corporation operates water companies in New Jersey, West Virginia, Indiana, Ohio, Oklahoma and California. Acquisition of the Torrance company brings the number of companies owned and operated by the corporation in California to an aggregate of seven. Others are located at South San Francisco, San Mateo, Loma Park, San Carlos, Los Altos and the Howard Estates.

S. E. Stern of the Associated Public Utilities Corporation is president of the Torrance corporation. A. J. Robert is auditor and R. L. Heck is general superintendent of all the company's systems. Mr. Stern said yesterday that Torrance water office will remain where it is in the Dominguez Land Corporation building on Cravens avenue.

The California headquarters of the corporation will be at San Mateo, but all bills will be payable at the Torrance office. Sale of the Torrance company included the Torrance corporation's stock in the Dominguez Water Company, which owns the source of the Torrance Water Supply.

Arraign Man for Manslaughter Here

Edgar Heaton, 19, of Lomita, was arraigned in San Pedro Tuesday afternoon, charged with manslaughter in connection with the deaths of Russell G. Nevius and C. H. Murr of Long Beach, and committed to the county jail pending the posting of \$10,000 bail.

Nevius and Murr had stopped on Seaside avenue, near the drawbridge, to repair a broken wheel on Nevius' car, when a passing car struck them. Nevius died within the hour, and Murr a few hours later.

In the inquest, held in Long Beach about the same time that Heaton was arraigned, it is said that both Mrs. Nevius and Mrs. Murr testified that the car which struck the men never stopped at all, but that Heaton, whose car was forced off the pavement and badly damaged, took the men to the Emergency hospital in Wilmington.

Henry Edgar, also of Lomita, who was riding with Heaton, is also being held. Heaton, the son of Mrs. J. P. Andre, proprietress of the Lomita Hotel, 1057 Normandie avenue, is well known about town, and is apparently well liked.

Little Tot Lost on Streets Here

Little Gay Riley, daughter of Mrs. Ben Riley, employe of the P. E. restaurant and Bobbie Avolan had been playing in the yard near the P. E. restaurant and Gay decided to go to her home in the shoeing strip. Rosie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tatar Avolan, wanted to go along, so they started out, but Rosie forgot that she had interested in the show and became interested in the show when it was over. She was completely lost when Mrs. Perman, 2072 1/2 Carson street, discovered her and took her to her own home. Then she phoned the police, that she had picked up a lost child dressed in blue overalls. Rosie's mother had already asked the police to search for her daughter, so when Mrs. Perman called, it was but a few minutes until Rosie was safe and sound in her mother's arms. Gay had meanwhile gone blithely on her way, unaware that anything unusual had taken place.

Child Is Killed By Car

5-Year Old Mexican Boy Run Over By Automobile

Raymond Guzman, 5 years old, son of Mrs. Esther Ortega, 51 Pueblo, ran from behind a passing car into the path of a car driven by Natividad Paradas, West Torrance, about 7 o'clock Monday night, and was killed instantly. The mother of the child did not make any charges against Paradas as it was believed that the accident was unavoidable. A coroner's inquest will be held today at the Stone and Myers chapel.

Crowds Mourn at Youth's Bier

Robert Woodington Laid to Rest While Large Throng Weeps

The largest funeral ever held in Torrance was that of Robert Douglas Woodington, at the Methodist church last Thursday afternoon.

The Rev. R. A. Young delivered a splendid eulogy. A quartet from the Union Tool rendered "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Abide With Me", and Mrs. Charles Houshaker of Merced sang, "In the Garden." Dozens of beautiful floral tributes, banked the front of the church, some of which were telegraphed from Montevideo, where the young man passed several months and made many friends. The flowers represented practically every organization in Torrance and scores of friends of both Robert and his family.

Indication of the young man's character is his mother's remark, "In all his life Robert never caused us an hour of uneasiness or sorrow."

The services were touching in the extreme and sobs broke out afresh, as the father, himself an invalid for months, was wheeled away from the bier of his son.

Acting as pallbearers were Frank Steinhaber, Curtis Tolson, Morton Lum, Ted Lang, Everett Mott and Claude Montgomery.

In addition to scores of friends of Torrance and Lomita, there were in attendance many others from Escondido, Santa Ana, Wintersburg, Huntington Beach, Long Beach and Los Angeles.

Even White Dog Sporting Poppy on His Collar

Mah goo'ness! Mah goo'ness! Them there Legion gals who did do one gud job o' fightin' everybody with poppies this week. White folks, colored folks, brown folks and pink folks, even dawgs a wearin' the dawgone things. Ah heven been nuthin' lak it—they all must've hesitated all them comin' to Torrance cars, for even if they was ridin'—walkin' or runnin' they was decorated with a lil red poppy. Even the white dawg dat puts on all de effect to sleep outaid' de post ofus alla time emancipated wid one.

Guess de shot up vetrums' families won't hev no hard winter this here year!

Hey Kids! Here's a Real Event for You Bike Riders

Oh boys! Here is some real news for you.

Torrance is going to have a big bicycle race for lads between the ages of 14 and 17. And its going to come off on Saturday afternoon, June 23. More than that it's going to be an annual event. And still more there are going to be dandy prizes—lots of them.

E. E. Leech, proprietor of the Torrance Sporting Goods and Bicycle store at 1341 1/2 Prado has arranged the event and is going to put it over with a bang. The race will be over a 20 mile course. Any boy between 14 and 17 may enter. If you want to get information about the big event you should see Mr. Leech. He will give you all the dope. There will be \$100 in prizes. The awards will include a gold wrist watch, a gold pocket knife, tires, flash lights, headlamp, mitts, etc. Mr. Leech has a map of the course over which the race will be run and boys who wish to enter can see it at his store. Then they can practice for the big event. Get busy boys, and let's make this first annual bicycle event a rip-snorter.

Memorial Day in France

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

MEMORIAL DAY, eh? A holiday? Not for that gang. Not for that American division, 25,000 strong, strung out over a line of march 20 miles long—doughboys in the lead, machine gun companies, artillery, ammunition trains, supply trucks, ambulances, men, horses, mules, wagons, camions. If that was a holiday the war was a church picnic.

They woke us up at 2 a. m. They always did that. Roll your packs and hit the grit, soldier. This man's army is going to see France on hobnails.

Start—the hike in the middle of the night, feed the horses on the fly, halt when the commanding general needs some sleep, which is never because he snoozes in the back seat of his Cadillac.

THE First Division has shot a bright rocket into the black night of Allied despair. They've captured Cantigny, held it against everything the Kaiser could throw at them, won it and held it in victory while all around them the Allied line crumbled, won it and held it at terrific loss. Of course they needed relief, those shattered companies, and so it was up to us to hit the white and winding roads.

ON our way, while the road lay light over dull green woods and hills. On our way while the sun was born and the grey mists melted away.

Not far from the line we were and then one of those interminable stops. Glad to stop and stretch and ease the weight of the old pack, but itching to get on and put the hike behind us.

ROARING along the road came a motorcycle, with a side car and a shavetail from division headquarters. Orders changed. Line of march rearranged. So we turned around and covered back, growling and mean.

MYSTERIOUSLY by the strange routes over which infernal passers from division headquarters to the men of the ranks the news leaked through. Heinie had smashed through. There by the Chemin des Dames, was driving all before him, smashing south. Paris was doomed, peasants were fleeing. The Heinies had almost reached the Marne.

And so—hike you terriers, hike. There's a war going on up there. And Uncle Sam wants you to get yourself bumped off.

MEMORIAL DAY, that's what it was. But the things we remembered most were feather beds and clean sheets, Morris chairs, the things we used to have to eat back home.

Hike, hike, hike. All night pretty near on Memorial Day, up hill and down, feeding our horses from nose bags while they slugged along, munching our iron rations while we walked.

THIS was what they called a forced march. It read about them, force marches under Grant and Sherman and Old Phil Sheridan, under Lee. Never thought I'd participate in one. Hope I never will again.

THAT afternoon, Memorial day, 1918, we reached the area where, French civilians were hurrying south. I mean crawling. First only a few, old men, baggy-skirted women, trudging on toward Paris and safety. Then more and at last a steady, uninterrupted stream.

Some pushed baby carriages loaded with infants and food. Dogs pulled carts piled high with bags of grain. Cows were driven. Waxy-eyed men, tired-eyed women, crying babies, ten year olds trudging ahead in the dust, the laughter gone from their hearts—a whole countryside on the move, their homes deserted in the dawn as the alarm of approaching German planes spread—their fires dim things of the past, their belongings left behind, gardens ripening, cattle deserted, household effects standing in houses with doors unopened.

The foe coming on, the populace fleeing.

MILES of this—sad, weary miles. They wouldn't speak to you. They wouldn't meet your eyes. They stared steadily sullenly at the road just ahead of their feet.

What difference if you Americans were going in to try and stem the tide? Their lives were suddenly changed, their homes given up, their careers swept away by the iron hand of war.

Victory or defeat? What did it mean? The tragedy of individual loss was heavier than the burden of national defeat. That is what you read in their tired figures, in their backs bent under heavy burdens, in the dire, dread failure which spread about you from that first, woe-stricken parade of disappointed souls.

MAYBE you aren't a hero. Maybe you're pretty much fatigued yourself. But life seems a little less important to you when you watch that procession of dreary men and women and children and every man has a bit of conceit in his makeup. And who in that tired parade that hiked north didn't feel a little bit like a crusader as he passed that line of peasants crawling south? Who didn't feel somehow that it was a privilege to be going north?

ANYBODY ask you who stopped 'em the Germans near Chateau Thierry? Tell 'em it was the peasants who fled their homes with a few hurriedly gathered treasures on their backs. They were the inspiration, even if your soldier wouldn't admit it at the time.

Those doughboys speeding toward Hell in the trucks passed that same human tragedy on those dusty roads. They saw—and the honest ones admitted afterward—that the sight remained in their eyes for days. That's what stopped the German avalanche, that picture lingering in the minds of young Americans.

DIDN'T we all sit up a little straighter while the peasants passed? Didn't we try to look like heroes? Didn't we feel the responsibility of the whole world on our formerly irresponsible shoulders? Didn't boys turn into men and men turn into gods?

THE Allies said the Americans were untrained, that they never would hold their own against the disciplined legions of Germany.

But show 25,000 young Americans a weary people, gray and bent and old fleeing from their homes with little children and they'll lick any trained battalions on the face of the earth. Won't they? Didn't they? I'll tell the knock-kneed hemispheres they did!

OUT of the trucks in the dim gray of morning went those two brigades. Marines and regulars. Retreat slowly—that was the order. Retreat hell! Omar Bundy, division commander, is said to have muttered. But whether he did or not they didn't retreat.

They went into the third line. The dogs was that the first two lines. Frenchmen would retire gradually and that in about twelve hours the Yanks would be the first line. Huh! They were the first line in an hour and a half. Don't blame the French. They were old, war-weary, tired. I saw them retiring in confusion, gray old men in uniform who would matter to you that the guns was fine. Well, it darned near was.

THE first line in an hour and a half. And they met those German soldiers making up, met them with machine gun bullets and the steel. Angry, outraged, the German command halted, de-ordinated units, and hurled attack after attack at this new foe who dared to challenge the Kaiser's lease on gray France.

But those irresponsible young Yanks had seen a grim parade.

And the people who made up that parade had fled leaving in homes and shops an inexhaustible supply of wine.

The troops that stopped the German near Chateau Thierry weren't drunk. But they'd reached through night and day and at the end had found stimulant in copious quantity. So it wouldn't be exactly true to say that they were old sober.

NO, if I were to be called upon to tell what stopped the Kaiser's avalanche that day I'd say it was the people who fled their homes and what they fled behind. Is that letting out a secret? I think not. Try a little real war yourself. Slog through a forced march. Separate yourself from your kith and kin. Be without food. Look ahead to blood-letting in just a few hours. Know that maybe you'll be pushing up daisies tomorrow yourself. And then suddenly find some stimulant free and for nothing. Maybe you wouldn't drink it. But you aren't the A. E. F.

The A. E. F. drank it some. I know. I gave first aid to the wounded.

IT wasn't Memorial Day the fighting started. But it was Memorial Day when that forced march was making a slice of history.

So naturally one begins his memories of that Chateau Thierry business with the well-known holiday.

And if that day means a little more to those who trudged along over those weary miles, that's natural. Men lost bunk-mates in the scrap which followed. Men lost friends. Men buried comrades—comrades whom they had not known in life, but who in death were friends.

Men treated wounds, saw men die with cigarettes drooping from their blue lips, bound bandages on maimed German prisoners, gave those prisoners of wine and fags. Enemies? Hell, no! Only in the mass, not in the individual. How surprised they were!

THEY'D been told that Americans killed all prisoners, and here were Americans giving them refreshing quaffs of wine, lighting their cigarettes for them, sending them to the rear in ambulances. How they appreciated it! But who could do otherwise? Eye to eye with you they were just plain humans like yourself, picked up from the quiet lanes of life and hurled willy nilly into the bloody pits of war. Hate them? You couldn't. They seemed so quiet, so dignified, so human, so strangely like yourself.

AND then those days which followed. Kitchens wandering somewhere east of the France. Troops told to live off the country until the services of supply could get organized. Nothing had been organized. The division starting for one front was needed on another. Without any preparation of any kind, speeding there as fast as the war would allow.

Soldiers commandeered cows, milked them. Soldiers robbed beehives, ate honey. Soldiers killed sheep, barbecued them. Soldiers tended gardens, ate fresh vegetables. Soldiers entered deserted homes and shop cellars, rolled out barrels of older and wine, drank it with their meals, before meals and after meals.

THERE were many wounded in those days, many killed. But those who came through whole forgot those things ten years later after the human fashion of losing unhappy thoughts in the healing hospital of time.

Those who came out whole remember the fresh seas, green gardens, the bright June days near the Marne, the heroic deeds, the carefree nonchalance of soldiers, the stimulation of shell fire when it misses you.

NOW there by Belleau Woods there is a large cemetery. I saw it four years after the war. White crosses shining in the sun. Flowers all about. Row after row of crosses, grim

Bonds Up to Cover 4 Years

\$29,400,000 Issue Will Keep School Facilities Up to Population

Next Tuesday voters of the Los Angeles school district, which includes Torrance and Lomita will vote on a proposal to bond themselves for \$29,400,000 for the purpose of providing sites and schools during the next four years.

School authorities and private citizens who have studied the condition of the schools at present and the steady growth in school enrollment in all cities in the district declare that unless the bond issue carries thousands of children will be forced to attend half-time sessions.

While the Board of Education is making no promise of any nature it is an assured fact that if the issue carries school buildings will be provided in all communities where they will be needed during the next four years.

The enrollment in Lomita and Torrance has steadily advanced and is still advancing. The deplorable conditions attendant upon inadequate facilities are well known. Unless the proposal is approved Torrance and Lomita will be unable to provide facilities to educate all the children who enroll, according to school officials.

Some opposition to the bond proposal has developed in Los Angeles, where the largeness of the city makes it difficult for school officials to bring home to school officials the actual conditions which the Board of Education is facing in the matter of new sites and new buildings. It is therefore essential, say school authorities, for outlying cities and communities to cast heavy votes in favor of the proposal. Two thirds are required to approve the issue.

Local Kiwanian Wins Ball Game for Wilmington

Rotarians of Wilmington, assisted materially by Kiwanian Hank Ulbright of Torrance defeated the Torrance Rotary Club at indoor baseball by score of 16 to 15 last Friday evening. Ulbright saved the game for Wilmington in the last inning, when he snared a hot liner from the bat of the Torrance second baseman when two men were on bases and two were out. The liner would have scored two runs and won the game.

Part of the local Rotarians who participated in the game have recovered and are now walking without perceptible agony.

Slips on Banana Peel, Breaks Finger

Tommy King, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. King, 1324 Sartori avenue, slipped on a banana peel Wednesday morning, breaking the third finger on his right hand at the joint and severely bruising the rest of his hand. The accident occurred while Tommy was playing with a number of chums in the alley back of Sartori avenue.

POPPY SALE NETS \$125

Proceeds of the annual Poppy drive held by the American Legion Auxiliary in Torrance, netted the local organization \$125. This sum will be used for the relief of the disabled veterans and other Auxiliary purposes. The ladies express their gratitude to the Torrance and Lomita theatres, the First National Bank of Torrance and the Torrance Herald for assistance rendered.

CIVIL SERVICE NOTICE

Torrance persons who wish to take Civil Service examination for associate commercial agent and junior commercial agent may secure information regarding these positions and the examination at the Torrance Chamber of Commerce. Associate commercial agents receive \$2100 a year, juniors \$1800 a year. Applications must be filed not later than June 5.

reminder of that forced march, the sharp fighting which followed through the sunny days of June.

LIGHTING GROUP BUSY

Committee Studies Proposals for Various Types Tuesday Night

SEEK EXPERT ADVICE Metallurgists from Industries Drafted to Aid Mayor's Committee

The mayor's special lighting committee met Tuesday night and went deeply into the proposals and estimates for a district lighting system in Torrance as presented by various companies.

While no definite action was taken the committee found in the tabulation of estimates made by City Engineer Leonard a wealth of information regarding the types of posts and lighting standards under consideration.

The tabulation as made by Mr. Leonard would occupy about a full page of newspaper space and is therefore not published, but any citizen wishing to inspect it may do so at the City Hall.

The general types of posts under consideration by the committee are as follows: steel tubing, fluted steel tubing, re-inforced concrete and cast iron.

Estimates of the cost of the several types vary and the committee is determined to go deeply into the lasting qualities of each type before making any decision. With this in mind the committee has elicited the services of metallurgists associated with local industries.

The committee is also studying carefully the various types of lighting standards to be installed on the posts and the matter of lighting efficiency. Whether refractors will be placed in the standards to amplify the light is debatable, although the committee is inclined to believe that the additional expense of the refractors may be advisable on account of the increased efficiency obtained by their use.

Tuesday night Engineer Leonard explained to the committee the various estimates and went into the arguments in favor of each of the types of posts and standards under consideration.

The committee requested the Herald to assure the public that no recommendation will be made until every type and every estimate has been thoroughly studied so that in the final reckoning Torrance will receive the best lighting system possible for the money expended.

Lindbergh Lands at L. B. at 2 A.M.

Flier, Reported Lost, Takes Room at Hotel at 2:30 This Morning

While the whole nation was worrying over the failure of Lindbergh to appear in Los Angeles on schedule Wednesday night on his flight from Kansas, the colonel landed about 2 o'clock at the Long Beach airport and later took a room in the Breakers Hotel in that city.

Newspapers listed Wednesday afternoon and early Thursday morning carried headlines which reported that the daring aviator Torrance man who stayed at the Breakers Hotel Wednesday night telephoned The Herald that Lindbergh registered at that hotel at 2:30 Thursday morning.

At a late hour this morning the flying colonel was still sleeping, and information regarding his delay in reaching the Coast could not be obtained.

Dennis, Raymond Put Torrance on Map in Pageant

Mayor John Dennis and Councilman Charles Raymond represented Torrance at the opening pageant of the Pacific Southwest Exposition at Long Beach, Saturday afternoon. The car in which the Torrance officials drove bore a banner telling the world about "The Modern Industrial City." People by the thousands crowded the five mile line of march.

Mayor Dennis says that representatives of more than 10 nations bordering on the Pacific were in the parade. That many nations will have exhibits in the exposition which will open late in July.